

the PRESBYTERIAN

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RICHMOND,
VA.

THY WILL BE MINE.

Laid on Thy altar, my Lord, divine,
Accept my gift this day, for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make,
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth small,
And only Thou, dear Lord, canst understand
How when I yield Thee this, I yield Thee all.

Hidden therein Thy searching eye can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight—
All that I love, or am, or fain would be,
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longing infinite.
It has been wet with tears and dimmed with
sighs,

Clinched in my grasp till beauty it had none;
Now from Thy footstool where it vanquished
lies,

The prayer ascendeth, may Thy will be done,

Take it, O Father, e'er my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own will that, e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail
And Thou give back my gift, it may have
been

So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know nor feel it as my own,
But gaining back my will may find it Thine.

“To the Law and to the Testimony. If they speak not according to
this Word, it is because there is no Light in them.”---Isaiah VIII:20.